

Bank checks for \$500, \$100, &c., &c., and, possibly, one for \$2,500, will be on the way to winners in two weeks. Raise a club and make plenty of guesses.

ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1901.

VOL.

—NO. 23—WHOLE NO. 1022.

ROUGH RIDING ON THE PLAINS

30 Years Ago. A Trooper's Story.

By ROBERT MORRIS PECK.

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From the time we first struck the buffalo range I had been in the habit of taking a hunt on foot, every afternoon, after we had established camp at the end of the day's march, always accompanied by one of the old hands. If we succeeded in killing one close to camp, we would return to the company team to haul the meat in; but frequently we would find by the time we had downed our buffalo we had been lured and away from camp, a wounded one—many miles from camp, in which case we would only cut out a few pounds of the tender loin or hump steak to carry, and then proceed on our way, out by the time we reached camp. After getting well into the range, where there were plenty to choose from, we seldom killed any of the old ones, always selecting the yearlings, or two- or three-year-olds, and they make far better meat than the old ones, and are easier killed. It was exciting but laborious sport, hunting on foot, and now and then a little dangerous, to give it additional interest.

One day as old Tom and I were creeping on our hands and knees through a prairie-dog town to get in shooting distance of a small bunch, we were crawling up behind a few weeds that stood around a prairie-dog hole, and when almost within the length of my Sharps carbine of the desired cover, I heard the ominous, and not-to-be-misunderstood whizz of a rattlesnake, and looking up saw the erect head and glittering eyes of two venomous reptiles almost in striking distance of me. I "crawled" very promptly to a safe distance, and on throwing a few handfuls of dirt among the weeds, counted five rattlers that ran into the dog-hole.

On another occasion I had wounded a bull and followed him across the Arkansas River, which is a wide, shallow stream full of little islands and sand bars, but no timber. On reaching the middle of the river, the bull swam, and I followed him, but he had in 25 or 30 steps of him, crawling on my hands and knees, to get a shot. He suddenly ended and rose quickly to his feet, but instead of running he looked at me as only a mad buffalo can look, and began tucking his head down, snorting and paying the sand preparatory to charging on me. I thought that shaggy head with its snorting nostrils and flashing eye was the most frightful thing I had ever seen. It is astonishing how many times a person can think of in a very few seconds at such a time.

The bull as he raised his head to look at me, with his head slightly turned in my direction, and I knew that I must take careful aim and fire before he turned his body fully toward me and began to charge. I had old Tom stand where I aimed to reach the heart, and with all my excitement I felt that I must drop that buffalo in his tracks, and so I put the ball through his heart. At the same instant I thought of the grotesque possibilities of a failure. It wasn't likely that my gun would miss fire, but it was highly probable that I should miss the vital spot. "Just in rear of the elbow of his foreleg," Tom had said. I remember of thinking as I took aim, "If I miss, I shall be long till he'll be over to look for the scraps." I pulled the trigger and mechanically sprang to my feet, as the gun cracked, and the bullet came springing out of his way if he came on. But what a shout of joy I gave as I saw the beast stagger and fall just where he stood. I had not a moment to spare, however, as a trophy I should skin the bull's tail and slip it on over my knife scabbard, which was a common practice of re-inforcing a knife with a piece of the tail in drying skins to the old scabbard, making it strong and durable, and the tufted end looks quite ornamental.

"Missouri," our new recruit, in relating to me some of the wonders peculiar to his native hill hills, told me of a breed of hogs they have in southwest Missouri and northwest Arkansas called "mule-footed" hogs, from the fact that they have no split in the hoof like our common porker. I doubted this statement, as I had never heard of such a monstrosity before, and asked Bill Slade, who has been everywhere and knows everything, if he had ever seen or heard of such a breed of hogs?

"O, yes," he declared, promptly. "If you won't tell anybody I don't mind telling you that I used to live down in the flat hills of northwest Arkansas, where they have lots of them 'mule-footed' hogs. They're a long-legged, long-nosed, slab-sided, razor-backed, breed of racers that can cut out of a jug, or reach through the cracks of a fence and pull corn off of the third row. They have very long tails, and the owners tie a knot in the tail to keep them from crawling through the cracks of the fences. They live principally on the 'mud' (acorns and other nuts in the timber). They never get very fat, but some people thought they fattened better when their tails were cut off short. I don't know why, except that the knot in the tail being gone enabled them to creep through the fences and steal corn. I knowed a 'haw-eater' (Bill's term for the natives) down there who was such a kind-hearted cuss that he couldn't bear the idea of inflicting so much pain on the hog by cutting off his tail at once; so in order to make it easy on the hog he'd cut off about an inch each day till he got the tail whittled down to the desired shortness."

Knowing that Bill was fond of telling ridiculous yarns to credulous recruits, I thought for a long time whether or not these statements should be taken with a grain of salt, but during the civil war I saw and killed numbers of these "mule-footed" hogs in northwest Arkansas, and can vouch for the fact that there was such a breed there.

A DEBARY COUNTRY. The march along the bank of the Arkansas was rather monotonous. Day after day it is the same, without change of scenery, and few incidents to make one's day's march different from another. The same wide waste of prairie presents itself to the view each day. Now and then a solitary cottonwood tree is seen growing on some island in the river—otherwise

to its place in the circle of poles at the bottom, she raised it up with the cover hanging to it and dropped the upper end into its place on the others. The sides of the cover were then drawn together around the framework of poles and fastened together with little wooden pins, leaving an opening for a door, which is closed by a loose hide stretched on sticks and hung to the top of the aperture. This swinging rawhide door is pushed aside to go in or out. The bottom of the tent is pinned to the ground.

To secure their lodges against being blown over by strong winds, a lariat is thrown across the tops and the ends fastened to stakes some feet from the tent, forming guy-ropes.

Indians on the plains nearly always face their lodges to the east, as they say there is less bad weather from that quarter than any other; but in no other respect is there the least semblance of order or regularity in locating the lodges, or plan of village; no such thing as alignment of streets or gangways. There is no regulation as to size of lodges, each family making their lodge of a size to suit their wants or needs.

We sauntered about their camps, watching their maneuvers, and trading a little with them for beads and trinkets. The Indian "fixin'" until our bugles sounded.

Our Cheyenne expedition was divided into two commands. One, under Col. Sumner, proceeded to Fort Kearny and on up the South Platte to the foot of the mountains. The other party, commanded by Maj. John Sedgwick, proceeded up the Arkansas River, under orders to join Sumner's command on the South Platte, and if the Indians had not been found by either, the two commands, united, would scour the plains between the two rivers till the hostiles were found.

"I was with Maj. Sedgwick's party. We arrived in the vicinity of Cherry Creek in the latter part of June.

"At that time the country was literally a howling wilderness—no settlement of any kind on the route after leaving Council Grove, except Allison's Ranch, at the mouth of Walnut Creek, near the Big Bend of the Arkansas, and Bent's Ford, on the Upper Arkansas, where Fort Lyon was afterwards built. Yes, there were a few Mexicans living in 'dobe shanties' at Pueblo.

"Just before reaching the mouth of Cherry Creek we met a party of Mexicans, six or eight men, all armed, with a small wagon, drawn by a yoke of oxen, driven by a big black negro, the slave of one of the party.

"We stopped and talked to them quite a while, and they told us they had been up in the Pike's Peak region and in the vicinity of the mouth of Cherry Creek, but they had not seen anything of the Indians, but that the Indians had moved there so that they could do nothing without a stronger force, and that they were going back to Missouri to get a stronger party and return, determined to have the dust.

"Some of them exhibited small quantities of gold in bags and buckets, and although we did not have much confidence in their story (for we had never heard of gold in that country before), they strongly asserted that there was plenty of it to be had if the Indians would only let them work.

"One of their number was wounded and lay in a wagon, and was shot himself through the hand and arm while working his gun out of the wagon muzzle forward. He was transferred to the care of our surgeons, and we parted company with the Mexicans, and proceeded on our journey to the States and we moving on down to the mouth of Cherry Creek, camping on the north bank of the river, near the city now stands, on the 30th day of June, 1857. That being our muster day, we were there mustered for two months' pay.

"The wounded man had to have his hand amputated a day or so after his comrades left him, as the weather was very hot and he was not able to stand. I remember all of the names of the prospectors, or whether I ever heard any of their names, but somehow I got the impression that the name of the party was named Baker (not the Jim Baker, spoken by a Republican).

"(Continued on fifth page.)

As Sears sat in Mr. Bettson's office next day he could not help recalling what Margaret had said about this singular man. He had a dark beard closely trimmed, fresh colored face, full and piercing dark eyes, the attorney's crown of snow-white hair made him a man of very striking—some said singular—appearance.

"You are aware, I suppose, of the reasons which induced your aunt to revoke her former will?" he asked in the mellifluous tones of a lawyer.

"I know nothing but the general report," was the reply.

"And what is that?"

"I supposed sympathetically for what she considered a common wrong."

"And is nothing said about your shameful conduct toward her?"

"Naturally not. There never was any such thing."

"Mr. Sears, do you mean to say you had written to Miss Greenleaf, or even acknowledged her remittances, at any time during the past six months?"

"About six months ago my aunt wrote me to the effect that it would be better for me to look out for myself in the future. I set about doing so at once, and have heard nothing from her since."

"You did not hear from her?" with increasing hostility.

"I did not."

"Where have you been during that time?"

"Taking care of myself."

"You are engaged in business?"

"I am working on a salary."

"May I ask what is the amount of that salary?"

"I receive one hundred dollars a month and my expenses."

"Your employers find it profitable?"

"I believe they are entirely satisfied."

"I suppose you get your mail?"

"When I left the university I asked a clerk to keep anything that might come for me."

"And forward it?"

"I have no address."

"Why?"

"Did you let your aunt know this?" asked Bettson.

"She said she wished never to hear of me again. I did not bother her."

"Oh, yes, I remember," said the lawyer, with a laugh that seemed rather unpleasant. "There was a third party in the case, wasn't there?"

"Yes."

More News From Winners, a

Do not forget the next Contest comes off NEXT WEEK. Raise a club and make plenty of guesses.

The next contest is now right upon us, and we warn comrades not to linger too long over the past contest, when they should be up and doing, with the end in view of making plenty of guesses next week. Raise a club. That is the first step toward a handsome cash prize.

Nearly all of the winners have now reported, and some account of them has been given. Those who have not reported may be waiting to have photos taken before writing. We usually request each winner to send a photo. Those contestants who have a "dead-sure-fool-in-his-bones" conviction that they will win next week had better get their pictures taken at once.

Comrade William H. Harding, of Scranton, Pa., winner of the sixth prize, writes: "I acknowledge with heartfelt thanks your kind remittance. I read THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE with the greatest interest, and have done so for years. It is a most valuable paper to me, and I have been very much interested in the greatness and gallantry of our soldiers in driving Lee's army from my native State, and I have always had a warm heart for the old veterans. I preach for them and always help along May 30, and always shall. Concerning my selection of a winning number: I was entitled to four guesses, but I selected only one, 2,189,650.22. That was my highest guess. That I came down. My last and lowest guess was the winner. I heartily thank you, Comrade Jos. Dissler and Mr. Potter."

Comrade M. T. Spalding, of North Lyndeboro, N. H., winner of the eighth prize, gracefully expresses his thanks for his "grand surprise," and reports that his guess was made on July 1, 1898, to September, 1895, in Co. A, 1st Heavy Art., N. H. Vol., that his occupation is farming, and that he "cannot explain how he made a lucky guess—it was just guess work."

M. P. Jaquith, of Ipswich, S. D., winner of the 11th prize, writes that, although he comes of a soldier family, he was not himself being too young for the Spanish war and too old for the Spanish war. He explains his luck as follows: "I happened to pick up a NATIONAL TRIBUNE recently, and found in it some good reading that I subscribed. I saw I had the privilege, so I guessed. That is all I know about it."

Comrade W. G. Parker, of Cedar Grove, Tenn., winner of the 10th prize, writes that he was proud to receive the prize that he received at 18 years of age, in February, 1895, in the 7th Tenn. Cav., and did scout duty until mustered out, in August; that he is a dry-goods merchant, and that he studied the Monday receipts until he thought he had one of them about right."

Comrade D. D. Kellogg, of Pasadena, Cal., winner of the third prize, writes as follows: "I acknowledge with thanks your check for \$75. Most successful guesses by sticking closely the figures given weekly in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. I put in three good, long years and more 'at the front,' too. Doubt if I can write about it to interest the comrades. We are sorry Comrade Kellogg omits mention in his letter of the company and regiment he served in."

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Other Notes.

Encourage your subscription, or buy books, and

Club-raisers who are well off should trust some comrades for the whole or a part of their subscriptions. Next pension day, or when they are in funds, they will pay up. If some of them do not, we will inform them that we will stop the paper if they do not pay the club-raiser. That is not to bring them to time. This suggestion is made to aid the club-raiser in getting up a large club.

"Close" Guessing. Our ingenious friend, whose average "system" we printed some weeks ago, writes again, as follows: "My 'system' treated me badly in the last contest. I still believe in it to help me make the 'bull's-eye' guess. But, after that guess is made, then Comrade Potter's system of spreading the guesses is O. K. I would go up and down from the 'bull's-eye,' \$10,000 apart. The example I follow is for a club of 10 (two guesses for each \$1 sent in by club-raiser this time, as I understand it). If I had a club of 20, entitling me to 40 guesses, I would rise and fall from the 'bull's-eye' only \$5,000. And if I had a club that entitled me to 100 guesses, I think I would place them only \$1,000 apart. It's a club-raiser's game this time. I've been so lax that I wouldn't get up a club, but I guess I will now."

These 10 guesses above 2,000,000.22 the bull's-eye are rising 1,600,000.22 1,800,000.22 1,970,000.22 1,980,000.22 1,990,000.22 1,995,000.22 1,998,000.22 1,999,000.22 1,999,500.22 1,999,800.22

My "Bull's-Eye" guess..... 1,919,650.22 These nine guesses below the bull's-eye are low 1,870,000.22 1,875,000.22 1,880,000.22 1,885,000.22 1,890,000.22 1,895,000.22 1,900,000.22 1,905,000.22 1,910,000.22

RECENT TREASURY RECEIPTS. These will show guessers how receipts run for Mondays at this time of the year: 1901.

Monday, Jan. 7.....\$2,421,264.14 Monday, Jan. 14.....2,155,555.41 Monday, Jan. 21.....1,839,946.97 Monday, Jan. 28.....2,232,394.51 Monday, Feb. 4.....2,394,149.07 Monday, Feb. 11.....5,421,024.87 Monday, Feb. 18.....2,195,395.49 Monday, Feb. 25.....1,984,961.79 Monday, March 4.....\$7,723,632.74 Monday, March 11.....2,189,650.22

*Receipts abnormally large, mainly on account of excessive sale of revenue stamps.

RECEIPTS FOR MARCH LAST YEAR. The whole Treasury receipts for the month of March, 1900, were \$48,873.31, an average of \$7,874,166.12 for each day, except Sundays. The receipts for the last Monday, the 26th of March, 1900, were \$2,212,891.95.

25th day of March, 1901, will be entitled to the first prize. Whoever guesses next nearest will receive the second prize; the next nearest, the third prize, and so on to the fifteenth prize.

We will award \$2,000 cash to any one lucky enough to guess the exact receipts, hitting the "bull's-eye," so to speak. This fortunate person will win the \$500 also—making \$2,500 in all. If more than one guess makes a "bull's-eye," the prize will be divided.

These guesses must be received by us on or before Saturday, the 23rd day of March—two full days in advance.

This is an absolutely fair contest. No man can know two days in advance, nor even two hours in advance, what the receipts will be for the 25th day of March.

The only condition for entering the contest is that your name shall be found on our yearly subscription list on the 25th day of March, 1901. This entitles you to one guess for each year, or part of a year, your subscription has to run. Or that you have been a book buyer between March 1 and March 23.

A number of guesses may be had in any one, or all, of the following three ways: Subscribe for more than one year. For every year your subscription has to run, you are entitled to one guess.

Raise a club. For every yearly subscription you send in, or for every dollar's worth of books you sell for us, between March 1 and March 23, 1901, you are entitled to two guesses. Each member of the club is also entitled to one guess, or to more than one if he subscribes for more than one year. If any club member does not want a guess, the club-raiser can take that one.

Buy books. For every dollar's worth of books you buy from us between March 1 and March 23, 1901, you are entitled to one guess.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C.

Whoever hits the "Bull's Eye" will win two prizes. His slice of the watermelon will look like this:

Washington, D. C., March 25, 1901. No. 760

The National Metropolitan Bank

Pay to the order of Name of winner to be written here \$2500.00 Two Thousand Five Hundred Dollars

The National Tribune R. W. S.